

## **Fire Water Burn**

### **"We Made It"**

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\* appears on the "clean version" of the album

[ MC Eiht ]

Hehe

Hey Chill, man

Remember back in '87 when the homies was chillin at  
the high school?

[ Tha Chill MC ]

He

Yeah, you're talkin 'bout way back then, huh?

When homies was like hangin and bangin back then

[ MC Eiht ]

Couldn't face the facts

Homies was gettin rolled on and taken out

[ Tha Chill MC ]

Geah man

I know what you're talkin about, man

Won't you like it, kick the old school

[ VERSE 1: MC Eiht ]

Let me take a trip back down memory lane

To explain how I attained the name

Of a Compton criminal, part time player

Fresh off the streets turned cool rhyme sayer

Had to get away from the gangs and crime

Didn't learn my lesson young, Eiht was doin some time

For a GTA, grand theft auto

I musta was buzzed off the chicken bottle

Took a look at my life, how the style was goin

I was stuck in my tracks and yo, it wasn't flowin

Time went by, as my life progressed

I was handed a class 1 MC test

Could I fly straight and make it in the big leagues?

I guess the army was out cause I smoked big [edited]

Took a chance and said what the hell can I loose?

Be a MC or jailed sportin county blues

It was a rough ride, suckers clowned and gave me  
trouble

Heard a pimp popped, stopped, there's a busted  
bubble  
I got dissed, ganked, laughed, shanked, stuck  
In street terms (Eiht was down on his luck)  
I got deep into it, had the fools like peepin  
Word up punk, ain't no sleepin  
It's dedicted to all them sorry clowns that hated  
CMW's rollin, geah (we made it)

[ VERSE 2: Tha Chill MC ]

Yo, take a chill pill, Chill's about to speak, so hand a  
Mike straight snatches innocent bystanders  
My childhood was good, had not troubles at home  
I was young in age but in the mind I was grown  
Just like a outcast on my family tree  
Said I'd be from a gang and run with the E  
Jackin and fightin was first priority  
LP lock down on a young minority  
My lifestyle was based on the color of a rag  
Just like a one way ticket to a bodybag  
It ain't the image I had, it's the image you get  
When you don't take nothin and you're down for the set  
I had to play my cards right because my style was in  
cue  
And proof to the suckers that Tha C ain't souped  
They didn't believe I'd turn out for the best  
To come out of a hole and come out fresh  
Some still don't accept how I came up on it  
Now the only thing I claim is Compton's Most Wanted  
I sized up, wised up from doin the dirt  
Get a clap, killin suckers puttin in work  
Took the right road cause on the strength I'm proud to  
be black  
And you can't be proud if your ass is jack  
If it's a doubt you can't get out, boy, save it  
Tha Chill know what's up and yo (we made it)

[ VERSE 3: MC Eiht ]

It's hard tryin to make a name for yourself  
And if there's suckers with beef, it really don't help  
They try to knock E for the hard style that I'm givin  
Can't rap themselves so they offer criticism  
Forget that, cause I won't come up short for nobody  
Promotin no violence, just promotin hype parties  
It takes a lot to be a dope rapper  
It don't take jack to be a toe-tapper  
Quite difficult, there's a lot of troubles involved  
In fact, a lot of questions left unsolved  
Do the right thing, forget about a g-a-n-g  
Cause you might lose your life for the s-e-t  
All this dealin, killin, stealin

To E, boy, is straight up illin  
As you can see, who gives a damn how you're livin  
Because in this world there's all takin and no givin  
Word, homie, I don't get it  
Bangin and slangin, claimin that you're with it  
I know times is hard but they ain't that hard  
Think it over before the man pulls your card  
You stink, why don't you rethink  
In fact, think it over while you're havin a drink  
Before you sell out thinkin you can't fade it  
Eiht know what's up and yo (we made it)

[ VERSE 4: Tha Chill MC ]

Now is it really worth your effort and time  
To put yourself to it and make a cool rhyme?  
It's easier said than done, so don't get dissed  
Put your life on the line because you're takin a risk  
Think about it and come to a conclusion  
That's how E came up with the style we're usin  
To make a party pump, better bump  
And take and slay a MC chump  
The message I bring is easy to adapt  
Get the hell off the streets before they peel your cap  
Locked down maximum, no, not minimum  
Get hip to Tha C, program it in your system  
Boy, I heard you jack by holdin a gat  
Come on, now tell me, what is that?  
You're thinkin was it really right  
To take a life, who gave you the right?  
Damn, this stuff is kinda funny  
Possessions of dope, that's how you make your money  
Tryin to make a livin by slingin lleyo  
Boys on the tip, that's why you suckers got to lay low  
In the end, who really wins, my friend?  
To late, one way ride to the pen  
The streets is the only way for pay, don't even say it  
Cause Tha Chill know what's poppin and yo (we made it)

[ MC Eiht ]

Hahahahaha  
Peep this out  
I'd like to send a shout out to my partner in rhyme, Tha  
Chill MC

[ Tha Chill MC ]

Word em up, homie  
Hey yo, I'm gonna send this out to the downest, the MC  
Eiht

[ MC Eiht ]

CMW  
We made it  
And we outta here  
Peace out

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